

THE FIELD AFAR

ORGAN OF THE CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF AMERICA

MARYKNOLL

*Diligentibus Deum
Omnia Cooperantur
in Bonum : : :*



*To Those Who Love
God All Things Work
Together for Good.*

ENTERED AT POST OFFICE, OSSINING, N. Y., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER

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LOOKING WEST FROM THE NEW SEMINARY SITE

Editorials - - -	242-244	Maryknollers at Yeungkong -	248	A Chaplain of Lepers -	255
A Chinese Mirror - -	244	Oh! Oh! - - -	252	In Other Missions -	257-259
The Note Page - -	245	The Kochow Diary -	252-254	The Month's Gifts -	260-261
News from Tungchan -	246-247	The Home Knoll -	254-256	Maryknoll Circles - -	262



The American Foreign Mission Seminary.

Approved—by the Council of Archbishops, at Washington, April 27, 1911.
Authorized—by Pope Pius X., at Rome, June 29, 1911.
Object—to train priests for missions to the heathen, and to arouse Catholic Americans to a clearer appreciation of their duty towards this need.
Opening—of Seminary for Philosophy and Theology, Ossining, N. Y., Sept. 18, 1912.
Decree of Praise—granted by Rome, July 15, 1913.
First Preparatory College—established near Scranton, Pa., Sept. 8, 1913.
Procure—opened in San Francisco, Sept. 13, 1917.
Assignment—to first field (Yeungkong, China), April 25, 1918.
Departures of Missioners—four, Sept. 8, 1918; three, Sept. 8, 1919; six, Sept. 8, 1920.
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TERMS

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In China. Province of Kwangtung—
District No. 1—Yeungkong.
District No. 2—Kochow.
District No. 3—Tungchan.
District No. 4—Loting.

You absolutely must, Venerable Brethren, direct, so to say, the training of your clergy towards the object of the missions.

—Pope Benedict XV.

HERE were two of them on the train,—two Chinese, both bound for San Francisco, and neither knew the other, but each in turn met the Bishop of Canton, and the experience in each case was the same.

They came from Sunning in the Province of Kwangtung, and when they learned that Bishop de Guébriant was *Number One* at the big church in Canton they smiled in a most friendly way and said, "You been long time in China, maybe, yes?"

And when the Bishop answered "Thirty-five years", they glowed—as far as a Chinaman can glow—and said, "You like China."

And when the Bishop answered, "I stay all my life in China", they beamed again, undoubtedly happy in discovering so deep an appreciation of their homeland.

And this recalls that our priests all along the line are beginning to vision the Chinese in America in other attitudes than pushing an iron or playing a game or smoking a pipeful of opium. They begin to see possibilities, and there is a strong hope that before many years *hundreds* of the Chinese in America, rather than a few score, will be kneeling in adoration before the tabernacles of Jesus Christ.

* * *

CERTAINLY there is on this North American continent a lining up of army volunteers for the overseas service of Christ.

Here in the United States the Society of the Divine Word and the American Foreign Missions of Maryknoll are in full swing. The Jesuits, Dominicans, Marists, Vincentians, Franciscans, Congregations of the Holy Cross and the Holy Spirit, and possibly other religious organizations of men about whom we have not yet heard, are anxious to be represented. The China Mission Society of Omaha, off-spring of the Irish Foreign Missions, is making its appeal. And across the northern border the White Fathers who, until recently, in Canada, stood quite alone in foreign mission work, are watching with interest the young Society begun by Fr. Fraser, a former missioner to China, whom many of our readers will recall.

Then there are the women: Sisters of Providence now on their way to China, Franciscan Missionaries of Mary, the Maryknoll Sisters, all in the U. S.; and, in Canada, the Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, the Franciscans, and the newly founded Mission Sisters for China of Almonte, Ontario.

It is all gratifying—and it suggests the hope that soon for every religious Society in America an outlet will be provided in the foreign mission field for the apostolic vocations that are sure to come.

* * *

OVER a year ago THE FIELD AFAR drew the attention of its readers to four letters—*A.B.C.M.*—and we expected that a little later we should be in a position to announce what at the time bore the promise of becoming a great mission movement in this country.

A.B.C.M. stood, and we are pleased to say stands, for the *American Board of Catholic Missions*. At a recent meeting of the hierarchy, composing as it does the National Catholic Welfare Council, the Board received unanimous approval.

And now, what?

If the plans submitted to the hierarchy by its mission committee, of which Archbishop Moeller is head, are carried through we believe that they will herald the dawn of a new day, not only for the struggling missions in this country but for those in foreign lands, irrespective of nationality.

Catholic Americans have been singularly blessed with the material goods of this life. They are also blessed by conditions that help to broaden their views. They study and work side by side with many nationalities. They travel more than many other peoples and learn early in life that no one nation possesses all the qualities that make for the highest and best civilization.

We have no authority to speak for the American Board of Catholic Missions, but, with a full appreciation of the spirit behind it, we believe that, keeping in mind the comparative affluence of America, the poverty of warstricken Europe, and, above all, the spirit of Catholic life and Catholic action, missions supplied by many nations will benefit quite as much as those, almost negligible as yet, of purely American origin.

As far as Maryknoll is concerned—and *Maryknoll* is simply the popular name given to the



OUR LADY OF PERPETUAL HELP,
BE MINDFUL OF THE SUFFERING SOULS.

American Foreign Missions as founded by the hierarchy of the United States—we are very happy in the thought that the long-neglected and too poorly supplied missionaries from Europe will soon see an opening in the clouds and feel the warmth of American faith and American charity.

† †

THERE was a time, and not so many years ago, when some of us who were trying to give the mission spirit a strong up-hill push, so as to get it on a level and running more easily, met this kind of encouragement from *Mr. Knowit*:

"The American hierarchy will never back you or any other foreign mission movement; not, at least, in our generation. Priests are too much needed at home. So don't count on the Bishops."

And *Mr. Knowit* left us to our own reflections, as also to our own resources, although the said *Mr. Knowit* was in those days somewhat influential.

We did not take *Mr. Knowit* too seriously, and, as we look back on the past nine years with their record of delightful cooperation on the part of bishops and priests, we are more than glad that we

did not for a moment question the positive good-will of our shepherds.

Were we to publish a complete record of their kindness—as may yet appear from the Maryknoll archives—we should have no room for anything else in this issue. Under our hands just now are two letters written for two of our young priests who made appeals for THE FIELD AFAR last spring and summer.

*Cardinal's Residence,
Baltimore.*

Rev. John F. Swift,
Maryknoll, Ossining, N. Y.

Rev. dear Father:

Permission is hereby granted you and the other Fathers of Maryknoll to speak in the churches of the Diocese on the work of the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America.

It is a blessing that we now have a National Seminary in the United States to prepare young men and women for the foreign missions, for I believe that in proportion to our interest in that part of the vineyard the work at home will be more fruitful.

I cordially commend you and your work to the kind consideration of the Reverend Clergy of the Diocese.

Faithfully yours in Christ,
†J. Card. Gibbons.

*Bishop's Residence,
Trenton, New Jersey.*

Rev. dear Father McKenna:

I hereby gladly grant you, the duly authorized representative of the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of Maryknoll, permission to Nov. 1, 1920, with the formal consent of the Rt. Rev., Vy. Rev., and Rev. Rectors concerned, to solicit subscriptions at one dollar per year to THE FIELD AFAR, a splendid little monthly magazine which graphically and inspiringly tells of the sacrifices, needs and hopes of your American Catholic missionaries in China.

I cordially commend you, your plans, and your holy work, to the kind consideration of all the priests of this Diocese. Wishing you every success, I am

Yours devotedly in Christ,
†Thomas J. Walsh
Bishop of Trenton.

In the plan of God we may help one another while living together on this earth: and in the same Divine plan we who still live on earth may help those who have left it.

Secure for your beloved dead the spiritual advantages of a Maryknoll Associate Membership. You can do so for one year or in perpetuity.

THE Maryknoll Missions have adopted as a cardinal principle the formation of a native clergy, and in so doing they are only echoing the purpose long since expressed by the Paris Foreign Missions and other European Societies.

We believe that the day is coming when it will be possible for a foreign Society to gracefully withdraw from a field that it tilled and leave it in charge of a native clergy, at least in some countries.

We have heard the objections and have been told of failures, but we ask ourselves if God would endow a race with qualities of mind and heart such as, for example, the Chinese possess and yet withhold from them the higher responsibilities of priestly life.

Is there not danger of taking too little into account the grace of state?

And there is good reason to believe that in many of our foreign missions the people themselves, good of heart but unspeakably poor, desire only to be well-started. Even today, Catholic missions can show, besides a golden record of spiritual progress, a remarkable one of material achievement due to the cooperation of their faithful. The Chinese, particularly, are very, very generous, as all of our Maryknollers can testify. Witness fifty poor fishermen, getting together two thousand dollars to encourage a priest to go to them on their little island in the South China Sea.

We have heard too little of what has been accomplished by resources found on the missions themselves. The story of generous and self-sacrificing love for the beauty of God's house would be edifying.

+

A Liberty Bond (\$50) is acceptable as payment for a Perpetual Membership in the Catholic Foreign Mission Society.

In a Chinese Mirror.

THE following extract from the address of a Chinese official to a group of students en route for America offers excellent matter for meditation:

Americans are resourceful, quickwitted, cheerful, and lovers of humor. They work strenuously, but also find much joy in life, which is buoyed up by hope and a bright future. Gloom is not found even in American cemeteries: they always look bright and attractive.

I advise you to note the good in the American character..... Some years ago a Chinese student showed me an album containing clippings from American newspapers. He was much elated over his collection, which included robberies, elopements, divorces, separations, embezzlements, murders, drunkenness, forgeries, and allied subjects. I asked him why he made such a collection. He answered that he intended some day to show up the Americans and to prove that they were not perfect, no better than the Chinese. I pointed out to him that Americans never claimed to be perfect or anywhere near perfection. That student evidently had a diseased mind. Instead of seeking the good he was picking out evil.

Study the American genius for combination and cooperation. Begin this study with the American family, and extend it to the American schools and colleges, the American games, the American churches and charity institutions, their business and manufactures, their unions and trusts, their local and national politics. And finally, the grand

cooperation and combination that are consummated in the world war of liberty and freedom. Here, too, America is again proving her love of high ideals, her altruism. The Chinese lack in combination and cooperation, and on account of this national defect of ours I want you to imbibe this grand and powerful American trait.

A few extra suggestions to the female students may be helpful. Since China became a Republic our women have been given greater social freedom. I want you to put emphasis on the words freedom and liberty, and to understand that they are founded on law and order. Do not mix them with license and unrestraint..... To save you from wasting your time, I may say to you that women in America are not the equals of men. They are their superiors. In Chinese philosophy man represents the positive element and woman the negative element. In America, which is diametrically opposed to China geographically, the elements go through a similar change. The women there are the positive elements and the men are all together negatives. American women may never have read Lao-tsz's philosophy but they carry it out in practice: to act without appearing to act, to govern without appearing to govern.... But my dear young ladies, with all your begettings and acquisitions, never forget to learn the art of making cakes, pies, gingersnaps, fancy pastry, and tasty dishes. All men, like Napoleon's armies, move on their stomachs. To a hungry man a chafing-dish is more than a sweetheart. When you have learned all these essentials—the arts of feeding and taming the beast—let us know and we will again congregate in Shanghai to welcome you back.



OFFICERS OF A NON-CATHOLIC CHINESE STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION
AT ANN ARBOR UNIVERSITY, MICHIGAN.

From the Austrian—pardon, the Italian—Tyrol, a letter came the other day, sent by our friend Fr. Sparber, rector of St. Joseph's Mission House, in that fine old region.

The letter was not an appeal—but nothing could have been more appealing than the envelope, which evidently had been sent previously to Fr. Sparber and by him carefully turned inside out. And over here we are buying silk stockings,—not all of us, but too many.

Fr. Sparber makes no complaint. Perhaps he is afraid to do so, but it pleased us to read in his brief letter these words:

Now we receive again and regularly THE FIELD AFAR and we hail it with glee. It is a real gloom dispeller, just the thing we stand in need of at times.

This is the month of the souls. Are you forgetting? As we remember others, so shall we be remembered.

We note with interest the latest circular from *The Lecture Guild* started about a year ago to facilitate the expression of Catholic opinion from the lecture platform. The very simple method of the Guild as a bureau of information in regard to Catholic lecturers has met with encouraging success.

It retains the names of prominent Catholics on the Advisory Board,—among whom are Fr. Tierney of "America", Fr. Burke of the "Catholic World" and the National Catholic Welfare Council, Fr. Schwertner of the Rosary Magazine, Hon. Maurice Francis Egan, and Michael Williams.

The list of lecturers for the season fills a twelve-page booklet, which is attractively printed. Together with American names we find those of Theodore Maynard, Sr. Bertram Windle, and Katherine Tynan. The booklet, with any further information that may be desired, will be sent gladly on request. *The Lecture Guild*, 7 East 42nd St., New York.

Advent is a Mite-Box Season.

EIGHTY-FIVE

News from Tungchan.



JULY 11-25—This is the busiest season of the year for the Chinese, as the rice must be cut and the new crop put in within a short period, so we gave the schoolboys a few weeks' vacation. It is not the usual thing in the native schools which have the summer vacation but they are found only in the cities.

Our professor of Chinese tells us that the Chinese do not like whiskers, but lately he has been doing his best to encourage what looks like a faint shadow on his upper lip. His position reminds one of the story of Adelaide and Dorothy. Adelaide had a big red apple in her hand as she met her friend one morning. She said nothing about it as they walked along, but was careful to keep it in evidence. Dorothy on her part did not seem to notice the apple. Finally, however, Dorothy could stand it no longer and tossing her head, exclaimed, "Huh! I don't like apples anyhow!"

Confucius is always represented with a moustache, two long tufts on his chin, and a plume just forward of each ear. The cheeks and jaw are clean. Perhaps this is the sort of beard the Chinese like. Smith tells of a Chinaman who said to him one day, "When I first saw foreigners I thought they looked very funny with beards all over their faces like monkeys, but I am getting used to it now."

July 20—There was a tragedy today in the little river that flows a hundred yards or so in front of the house. I say "little" river, but today it was rather large, and this was the cause of the tragedy. It rained a good

deal during the night and in the forenoon, and the water was very high. It was market day and the people, delayed by the rain, crowded into the little boat that takes them across. There were more than thirty in the boat and it capsized in the deepest and swiftest part of the stream. All were swept down, but about half succeeded in getting to shore. One man was pulled out a half hour afterward and I worked over him for more than an hour, but in vain. The other bodies were recovered at some distance down the stream, some of them not until a day or two later.

I found that no one had any idea of giving first aid. If the victim did not recover consciousness of himself he was dead and that was all there was to it. The son of the man I tried to resuscitate came the next day to thank me for my efforts and gave me some betel nut to chew. If you want to show particular favor to a man at little cost give him betel nut.

On the 26th I left Tungchan for a few days' visit with Fr. O'Shea at Kochow. I rode to Chanlung, where I left the horse to be taken down the next day by the groom, while I went by the night raft which would get me there in time for Mass the next morning. I found Fr. O'Shea in the best of health and bigger than ever, but a fat man is no man for the missions unless he can import a horse big enough to carry him. It is sheer cruelty to expect this of a native animal; while, if the fat missionary chooses to go in a chair, he must have three carriers, at least, and that means not less than three dollars a day.

Kochow seems to have about the same brand of weather as Tungchan, but I found the interior of the Kochow house surprisingly cool,—due, I think, to the length of the rooms and the high ceilings. The rooms are eighteen feet long, while those at Tungchan are barely eleven. I

THOUSAND SUBSCRIBERS IS

was privileged to be present at the baptism of the first babies taken into a Maryknoll Orphanage. Fr. Ford, down in Yeungkong, has over a hundred to his credit but they are baptized at a pagan orphanage by one of his catechists.

After three enjoyable days I set out for Tungchan. As it would take two days for the return, I made a leisurely start from Kochow after Mass. It was about seven o'clock when we moved out towards the North Gate and the doorways were filled with women and children. How worn they looked after four unbroken weeks of heat! I have seen the same look on the faces of people in New York but the hot period there is very short compared to that here. And what poverty and suffering one sees every day! I have seen pictures of the under-nourished children of Europe since the war but one can see the same thing here at any time. It is the usual condition of millions, and I doubt if there ever was a period that it was not.

Aug. 1—The theatre that has been "entertaining" Fr. O'Shea at Kochow has moved to Tungchan; at least, the players and their few properties have come. The theatre is a shed, built by a local lumber dealer, of poles tied together with bamboo withes and covered with mats. When the show is over, the owner will take off the mats, cut the withes, and turn the poles back into his stock. It is in this way that buildings are provided in China for conventions, theatres, entertainments, and the like. If the weather is cold or for any reason they wish to enclose the building, the same mats, which may be used over and over again, are fastened to the poles; whence the name "matsheds."

The theatre is down on the river bank, but now and then, when the wind is right, we catch the sound of a shrill fiddle—I

shall not call it a violin—or of the shrieking falsetto of a man that would put to shame the vocal gymnastics of Alma Gluck. Then there is the interminable gong that sounds like someone pounding a washboiler, in and at any old time, seemingly, that may happen to strike the fancy of the player. The boys say that it is "A Story of the Old Times." From the way it keeps going on and on it must represent at least a thousand years or so of China's history.

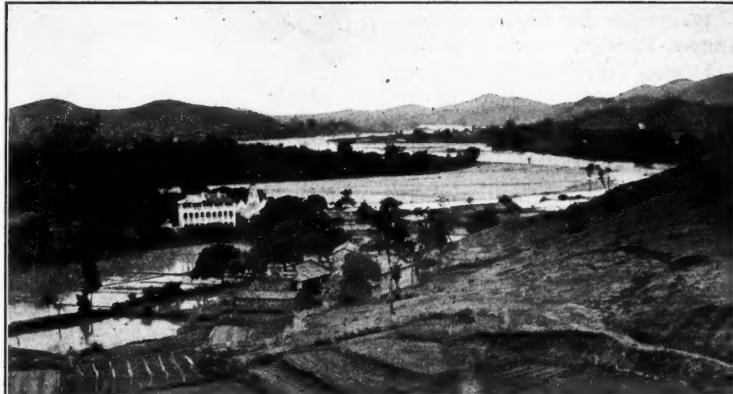
The pictures of our houses here that have appeared recently in THE FIELD AFAR have set me to wondering if its readers are not having visions of teakwood furniture and white-tiled bathrooms, and wondering how long "poor missionaries" have been in the habit of thus spending the money that has been given them to help save souls. I can only answer by saying that our furniture is of pine, much of it unpainted, and that in our wildest imaginings we have hardly yet attained to the luxury of a bathtub, let alone really having one.

But there are certain things you must have in a house here. Brick is fairly imposing—but what else can you use here? Wood is the dearer; and our friends, the white ants, would

soon bring down a wooden structure on top of us, to the accompaniment of a shower of dust. There should be a veranda, and thick walls, and large rooms with high ceilings to make the long "dog-days" period more bearable. Then put on a roof of tile, again the only thing practical, and you have the sum total of our best.

Inside there are no ceilings; you look up at the crooked round poles that do duty as beams for the floor above. The floor under your feet is of common pine, short boards poorly laid with large-headed nails, and unpainted. The stair you climb is rather a ladder set at an angle, with boards for rungs instead of turned sticks. There is no paint or paper on the walls, their decoration consisting of an occasional coat of whitewash; nor are there carpets on the floors or curtains at the windows.

After thirty years in China, Bishop de Guébriant says, "Your house must be comfortable; you are not Chinese and cannot live as they do. It must be your first consideration. Chapels and the like are secondary. If you do not have money enough for both, build a good house first and let the chapel wait. Your health, and therefore your work, depend upon it."



THE MARYKNOLL HOUSE AND CHAPEL AT TUNGCHAN.
"Brick is fairly imposing—but wood is dearer; and the white ants would soon bring down a wooden structure on top of us."

With the Maryknollers at Yeungkong.

The Maryknoll Mission in China has at this writing three mission centers with two priests at each center.

The three centers are Kochow, Yeungkong, and Tungchan.

A word about one:

The Yeungkong Mission, for example runs along the coast of the South China Sea, and the entire sector would be, roughly, 100 miles by 50.

In this section there are 200 Christians and more than 1,000 catechumens preparing for baptism, scattered in 76 villages. For convenience, 18 main stations have been established, where catechists can be placed who will conduct schools for the boys and girls, direct the daily prayers of the faithful, and instruct men and women preparing for baptism.

There should be at each of the 18 stations a catechist for the men and one for the women. At this writing there are altogether, for the 18 stations, 7 men catechists and 7 women catechists.

Of the 18 stations, 5 have little chapels with a room attached for the missioner. At the other stations the priest finds a bed in some Christian's house.

Writing of the Christians' generosity, Fr. Ford says:—

During the past year our Christians gave the following:

At Chappo (sale of two shops) for a chapel.	\$1020.00
At Chekung, a shop.....	400.00
Four chapel sites, approximate value.....	400.00
Chapel furniture, approximate value.....	40.00
Rented houses for chapel, approximate value...	60.00
Sustenance of missioner (approx. at 15c a meal)	151.20
Baggage coolie, at 50c a day.....	31.50
Cash offerings.....	13.00
Mass Intentions.....	15.00
At central station:	
5 pheasants, 1 duck, 2 partridges, 10 hens, 3 pigeons, beef, salt fish, oysters, lobsters, 158 eggs.	



We have pushed on from Pakkwan north to "Mosquito Water" and you may be interested in a typical village hut hereabouts.

Our room is mud-brick, unplastered, and when it is not raining we are thankful for the many holes in the roof that give a little air. No typical Chinese hut has windows. The floor is dirt,—perhaps dirty, but luckily the room is too dark to pry into unwelcome secrets. You can touch the roof with your hand where the altar is set up, and right over the crucifix is a brickless hole where the kitchen smoke defies analysis in its many odors.

There were actually seventy-two humans squeezed into the room this morning. Of the seventy-two all wore at least loincloths, except some of the twenty children. However it isn't as hot as it sounds, for each is armed with a fan and keeps the air in circulation. The room is really the size of a parlor in a New York flat and would comfortably sit ten whites, but the Chinese count standing room literally, and as their feet are the widest part of them it allows them elbow-room to wiggle the fan.

We startled them a bit by the announcement of our policy. They have been studying for over a year and it was a pleasure to listen to the long prayers rhythmically chanted. But they were all men, and we have decided not to baptize in the ordinary case unless the entire family is ready, including all the women folk from the mother-in-law to grand-nieces. The experience

Your Holy Name Society can fit nicely into mission work. Hire a catechist and get in touch with the Maryknoller who will use him.

here for twenty years shows the wisdom of this hard rule, for, when the women do not come in contact with the Church, superstitions are ritually carried out at home and daughters are betrothed to pagans, and the Church remains a men's club.

In the twenty years of the Catholic history of Yeungkong, perhaps eight hundred have been baptized,—only men, as there were no women catechists. Of the eight hundred, two hundred remain. Death has carried off many, for they were mostly grownups when baptized, but many also have ceased practicing their Faith in the absence of priests, and in their homes the children grew up with pagan mothers worshipping the devil.

Woman must worship some deity faithfully, though man seems to have lost that instinct, and it seems probable that Christianity will not flourish until the family is converted. I'm sure you appreciate our insistence on this point. We could baptize several hundred men right now, well-enough prepared for the Sacrament, but by withholding it a while longer we can gain double the number.

It is difficult perhaps for us to get the Chinese point of view of the un-importance of the feminine side of the family; and it is harder still for them to understand our stressing this point. The shock of our refusal to baptize the men until their wives and daughters are ready has brought our argument home better than would twenty-five years of preaching.

Despite the new regulations which we announced in each village, today there were delegations from three neighboring hamlets, asking for catechists. One represented seventy men and women; another thirty; and the last about forty. And not a teacher in sight to give them! That swells the number of new villages without catechists to

about fifteen. Within a few months we can release several teachers from other villages that have been studying for two years, but even at that it will make you lenient with us, I hope, when we harp so often on the need of teachers.

I might confidently wager that there are few seminarians in or out of the U. S. who know the words of the catechism so readily as do the Chinese, but the Americans win out on reasoning. The Chinese will answer that Adam was the first man, but when you ask him who was Adam's father, the reply you get is that the catechism doesn't say,—and that not from the poor little kid trembling before you, but from the teacher himself! We have no trained teachers as yet. It will be the work of several years, and, not to lose time, the material on hand must

Wewent "home" to Cheungtin-nam. If the name weren't so clumsy you might write verse about it,—not for its beauty, nor the comeliness of its men, but for its "homely" welcome. There are four hundred here studying, some rather spasmodically, for it rubs against the grain for the father of the family to rank below his children in the classroom. The boys are wizards in memory work but the faculty dries up with age. The women were literally stepping on each other's heels in an effort to greet us, and that's as rare as a Christian in Asia. Ordinarily at our approach they run like rabbits, as custom dictates.

Think of the crime of making the kids start on page one and run through the whole catechism, question and answer, without stopping for a drink! It's torture,—not for the kid but for



CHAIR-RIDING—MORE PICTURESQUE THAN COMFORTABLE.

be used. Next month we are calling the teachers in for a Retreat and further instruction, and by another year perhaps we shall have some sort of organized course.

At Mosquito Water they treated us royally, inviting in the nearby villages. The very pig I kicked out of the "chapel," that was comfortably sleeping on my bed mat, met his doom soon after and we had him for dinner.

the priest. Then the family skeletons were dragged out one by one, and the family tree with its aunts and mother-in-law and uncle's daughters and the wives of second cousins cast its shadow on us for an hour. The Chinese have a refinement of relationships that baffles a stranger. One boy here has no one but a "Third Mother", that is, the wife of his third uncle.

The more industrious of the four hundred presented themselves for examination, but we



The Maryknoll Pin
(*The-Chi-Rho*)
Twenty-five cents
apiece.
Six for one dollar.

Gold plate, \$25; Silver, \$.75
Gold—pin or button—
\$1.00 and \$2.50

It consists of two Greek letters—Chi (key) and Rho (roe)—the monogram of Christ. The circle symbolizes the world, and the entire emblem signifies the mission of Christ to the world.

Address: Maryknoll, Ossining, N. Y.

sifted the elect to twenty families, forty-four individuals. We lose some by this strict rule of entire families or none at all, but the backward member may be touched by the exclusion. Besides the lazy, the first exceptions are the girls who have been betrothed to pagans; the next batch are the children who know the catechism from *a* to *z* but whose mother did not study as well as she might have. Great was the shame of one man whose laziness forfeited the privilege of baptism not only for his own family but for his two brothers and their families, and he vowed that on our next visit he would be able to stand any test. Needless to say, his relatives will stimulate him in the meanwhile by nagging or the cold shoulder.

Besides the baptisms there will be the fixing up of irregular marriages between a Christian and a pagan. There are about ten such in this village. The baptism of the woman simplifies the ceremony.

Now this problem is up to us. We promised them a chapel as soon as they could fill it. They have given us the congregation, as much ground as we want wherever we want to build, and later they will give us the daily labor of the farmers, in the slack

If you wish to support, during one year, one of the Maryknoll missionaries, three hundred dollars will be required.

season, to carry the brick and lay stones. All we need to supply are bricks and the plan,—but the plan calls for bricks aplenty.

A chapel large enough for at least two hundred, two classrooms for seventy-five children, a bedroom for the priest, perhaps one for the teacher, and a wall to surround it all. I have figured it down to about \$1000 or \$1200. The wall is an item, but necessary these days. It will enclose a decent garden where a clean path and some flowers for the altar and vegetables for the priest will silently teach the beauty of cleanliness. The streets here now are a sight, suggestive neither of "Unter den Linden" nor even an American back alley, but there is hope with a priest as benign czar that things will improve under his dictation.

Our second morning here was a happy one. The ceremony began at six and was interrupted at nine-thirty—for a cup of coffee, while the brides-to-be were rounded up! It ended after ten. The evening before was spent in instructing the catechumens on the rite of Baptism,—this by the catechist,—while the priest heard twenty Confessions and arranged for the fixing of the marriages.

The little room that served as chapel and our bedroom could hold only those to be baptized. Forty-four may not seem a large number but I can truly say my arm was tired pouring the water. Then the remembrance of Christian names! As the whole village belongs to the *Chen* family it would not do to have so many *Marys* and *Johns*, so the list resembles somewhat a religious community's, with *Rosaria* and *Laeta*, *Venantius*, *Pancratius*, and a host of unpronounceables in

Get that CATECHIST idea! A good catechist can easily mean a hundred good converts. A small parish or even a Holy Name Society can give strong help to our missionaries by the support of one catechist.

YEUNG KONG SECTION
OF
MARYKNOLL IN CHINA
IN THE PROVINCE OF
KWANG TUNG



TRAVEL WITH FR. FORD; THEN CHOOSE THE VILLAGE YOU LIKE BEST AND BOMBARD IT WITH PRAYERS—AND OTHER THINGS.

Chinese with little appeal even to the priest.

A striking fact is the timidity of newly converted women. So rigid is the etiquette of China that women are extremely reluctant even to appear before the priest for the final examination, and as for the marriage ceremony, the joining of hands of the bride and groom is laughable in its awkwardness, neither caring to make so public an exhibition in a land where few external marks of affection are shown except to babies.

By the bye, marriages of Christian men and women are rare events in Yeungkong. Only one other took place here last year and that was, I think, the first in twenty years—such is the importance of women catechists.

This afternoon I lived a page of Faber's *Tales of the Angels*,—

if you remember so far back in First Communion Days. It was roasting hot, even under a banyan tree. But several of the newly baptized boys brought out fans and kept them going while I rested. The breeze, steeped in the delightful fragrance of the mountain flowers, was fresh and cooling from the fans of innocent urchins.

When you consider it, the education of these youngsters is striking. They have received more than the average Chinese boy's schooling, yet entirely from the catechism and Catholic books. No other book has been used so far. Of course they are only in elementary classes, and history, mathematics, and geography find

Don't forget the future native priests needed to complete our Maryknollers' work. The boys are ready, but this generation at least must depend upon us for their education.

no place in such Chinese schools. Ordinarily they would be studying sentences from Confucius.

We are at home again in the little chapel at Chashan. The reason for the comfortable feeling is that you are not a guest but host, hence you can slam the bedroom door to suit your own time for retiring. In other villages you must politely entertain your hosts, who number a legion, until they get tired enough to think of leaving. Here, also, the chapel bedroom always has a window and is fairly clean.

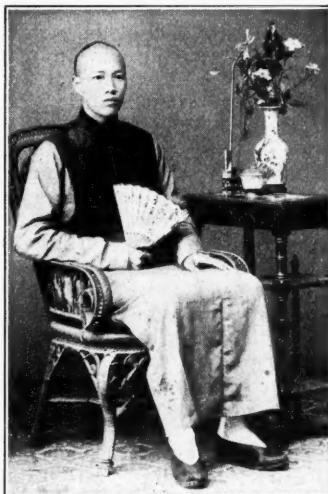
On Pentecost the Holy Ghost came to twenty-five in Baptism, twelve of them women, eight entire families. There were twenty-two confessions and eighteen Communions and one marriage. The chapel could not hold the one-hundred-fifty who came from surrounding villages.

We were a bit afraid such a crowd would tax the hospitality of Chashan, but the natives nobly dressed a 40-lb. pig for the occasion with 100 pounds of rice and fixings. Those who could not get inside the chapel for Mass arranged to be present for the feasting that followed on the grass outside.

It's a very short jump from Chashan to Kolungshui, but the same river must be forded three times, besides a wade on its sandy bed for a stretch where there is no road. Our bedroom here in this village of twenty houses was a cool, fairly clean chamber, and flyless in the bargain. It was the third room away from a window and light, so the flies could never find their way there in the dark. We slept next to a whiskey still. They call the product rice wine. The more costly brands are doped with medicine. The Chinese, indeed, use it as sparingly as medicine and even on big feasts they show no effects beyond a heightened color and perhaps a smile.

I'm sorry to say the chapel was worse than the bedroom. It is

our school in a kitchen, something like the "kitchen schools" our grandmothers went to in the Western States of years ago. At Mass it was roasting, for some numbskull had his fire burning brightly as though the fifty Chinese present weren't heat enough. There were eleven confessions and four Communions. After Mass eight were baptized, one pagan family and remnants of old Christian ones. There were ten men ready for baptism, but they must wait till we can afford to send a woman catechist to their wives.



A CHINESE PRIEST OF THE CANTON VICARIADE.

At Shekhang we enjoyed every minute of the breeze and mountain scenes. I had been there before and began to remember the faces of the little lads. I take my cue from their smile. If they look up eager for recognition I know they're old friends; if they hide behind a convenient buffalo or pig they are sure to be sizing me up for the first time.

I've fallen in love with Shekhang, a purely Christian love of their fervor in studying the catechism.

The only Catholic here is the catechist and that explains their careful preparation for baptism;

Peter Chanel—His life will make interesting reading at the refectory table or in the home circle.

Blessed Chanel was martyred on the Island of Futuna, in Oceania, and he is one of the nineteenth-century martyrs.

The story of his life—a book of 210 pp. of text with 16 illustrations—sells for \$1.00, postpaid.

there are no lax Christians here to lower their ideal. Forty-eight of the hundred inhabitants cleared the steeplechase—twenty for this heat, and the remainder are unregenerate pagans out of the running entirely. The forty-eight were baptized in the morning; about half were women. The thirty disqualified will come up for trial on the next visit of the priest.

This village should be second on our list for chapels. Now the men pray in one room, the children in the classroom, and the women in a third house. They will give us a house which can be enlarged with four or five hundred dollars. The plot with as much garden as we need lies on the southern side, open to the summer beeses. The lack of room is chronic, of course, in thirteen of our main stations, but few of the villages have shown such zeal in studying, none is so overwhelmingly Catholic, and yet—what impresses a distracted missioner most—great is the consideration the village shows in its need. For sixteen months it has not complained of its lack of room, and today, when I said this year we could do nothing but perhaps by the end of next year they would have a chapel, they were more than happy. This may seem a small matter but it is true that our most generous villages are poorest and the most promising ones are least clamorous.

At Shekhang we have a gem of a woman catechist,—herself

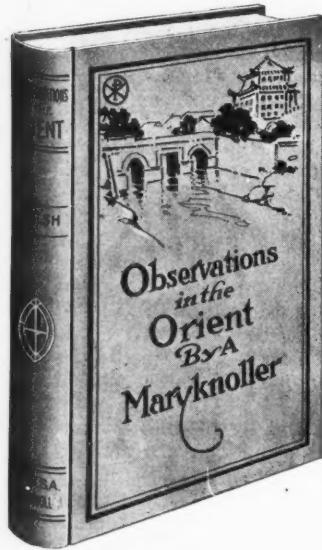
a Catholic for twenty years. She is a stately dame with tiny feet that were once bound, a dainty old lady without being fidgety, with no airs towards the simpler village folk other than those a grandmother is allowed to assume.

A Christmas Present! Oh! Oh!

From the Catholic Summer School a venerable priest of the Newark diocese wrote to us about OBSERVATIONS and his Maryknoll priest-friends:

I find your Observations giving a select audience a minute and very readable account of your journey to the Orient. It is a valued addition to our library,—an accessible stimulant (that sounds like closet hospitality of the yesteryears!)

God bless you and your great work! You are evidently in God's hands in providing machinery "well tested before it leaves the shop" at Maryknoll. It is a privilege to aid the work in any way, and I am glad to know my people share my reverence for it.



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The "Captain" Writes.



July, 1920.

JUNE was rather an uneventful month, nearly all of it being spent by Fr. Walsh "on the road," visiting our villages.

The month was unusually dry, and the annual floods which were expected to turn the mission compound into a lake did not appear. Perhaps they are merely postponed.

In the early part of the month, the bubonic plague was brought right home to us when a rat was found in the kitchen, dead with the disease. Almost immediately, some of the boys developed "pains and aches" of various kinds, one even having the sores which are considered a sure indication of the plague. In the meantime, the catechist's baby girl got sick with the same symptoms. Yip, whose faith seems very strong, ascribed the sudden recovery of his child to a Mass said for her; and the two native doctors in attendance were also impressed.

The Kochow assistant developed a few more gray hairs in his ruddy beard these "plague" days, because his ability to "kong wa" (talk) was too limited to permit him to "jolly" the mission "outfit" into a happier frame of mind. Fortunately, Fr. Walsh's return when the panic was about at its height, and the numerous "slay kons" (troubles) that followed his arrival, together with the sense of support that always comes with having the "boss" on the job, soon relieved the tension. However, for the three weeks that followed the rat's death, considered the danger period in the course of the plague, the Holy Sacrifice was especially a prayer of petition. It is with gratitude that we now report the absence of all danger in this vicinity for the time being.

Two of the important affairs of the Maryknoll Mission during June were the purchase of the mission property at Shuitung, and the visit of Fr. McShane, who came down to discuss last-moment details of the house which Fr. Walsh is about to build for him at Loting.

Fr. McShane looked fine, and, albeit a little thin, seems to be standing the summer very well. He has made good progress with the language and will be well able to represent Holy Mother Church as Loting's missioner. He reported Fr. Meyer to be as busy as usual, his latest idea being the road he wants built from Kochow to Shuitung.

The Loting house—which will probably be the model for the one to be built later at Shuitung—could have been built by an up-to-date New York contractor in the same time that we spent discussing it.

Our difficulty is—PORCH. Suppose four bare rooms, with neither plumbing, nor comforts of any kind, two on each floor of a two-story brick building, about twenty by twenty feet. BUT—such a house in this climate would be useless; it must have a porch, to sleep on, and to live on in the eight months of tropical summer, and when you extend a seven or eight foot porch around said twenty foot square, you have nearly forty feet square,—and a house that looks really immense on paper. Those of us who have spent early years in a crowded New York flat, know how many families an up-to-date landlord could crowd into this area,—and to think that we must have it for only two priests!

It looks almost preposterous—until one is face to face with the problem. But it is either a porched house, or a Chinese one-room affair, down on the ground. One gives you coolness, with fresh air; the other sometimes gives you coolness, but that damp, pestilential kind that has

already brought many missionaries to an untimely grave.

To those of us who have been raised in the north, the various mission houses here in China looked rather imposing, until after we had found out by actual experience what it was to sleep in a native house. And when a man comes in from a month's visitation, after having actually lived during that time in such conditions, he must have a healthful house in which to recuperate.

After helping to dispose of the remains of Fr. Walsh's birthday "feast," Fr. McShane returned to Tungchan, leaving Fr. Walsh to the developments of his Shuitung real estate deal and the "wind-up" of the various "slay kons" that would be deprived of his personal care during the expected two or three months at Loting.

A few words about the Shuitung deal will be interesting. Three distinct places were selected as the possible site. When Fr. Walsh started, these had all been seeking a buyer, but *No. 1*, which we will call the "Back Bay" property, a little remote from the shore, soon eliminated itself. A large family owned it, and those members who were working it as a truck garden would "lose a good thing" by the sale. Their excuse was, they could not get the relatives to transfer the deed. *No. 2* was the shore property, — laughingly termed our "summer residence," for Shuitung will always be a "half-way house" for this portion of our territory. This the owner decided he could not dispose of, even at a premium, as he needed it for truck raising, etc. This left *No. 3*, — nicknamed, "the mountain", a fine tract on top of a little hillock to the east of the center of the town. However, inquiry soon determined that *No. 3* was hopelessly in litigation and that a clear title would take a long time.

This being eliminated, *No. 2* again appeared. The owner had

changed his mind when he saw that he could not work off his litigation on the "unsuspecting" foreigner, for he had owned both plots 2 and 3. It being directly



A MARYKNOLL SLOGAN:
"EVERY PAGAN TEMPLE A
SCHOOL!"

on the seashore, Fr. Walsh was naturally afraid of the ravages of high tides, such as every so often wipe away even concrete "board" walks along our Jersey coast. But, *No, Never!* Even the Catholics assured him they had never seen the water come that far, and indeed the truck garden looked so refreshingly green that one could never believe salt water had ever washed its roots. But, Fr. Walsh cautiously investigated still further,—and, to our sorrow, for the place appealed to us, we found that the "*No, Never*" needed the Gilbert-Sullivan refrain of "*Hardly Ever.*" For only a year ago, the waves had been driven right up to what had been selected as the Church's future site.

However, Yip the Invaluable did not leave us in the lurch, and came back with an option on Property *No. 4*, directly adjacent to the "mountain" property. Fr. Walsh has since seen this place, and we have begun the preliminaries leading to ownership, including the payment of forty dollars for the removal of a grave to a More Auspicious Location.

"Foundation Day"—June 29—found us quiet. However, a special donation to the "dinner pail" of our retainers made the cook suspect that it was some sort of a *Meikwok* (American

holiday)—and in turn he supplied us with chicken for dinner. We afterwards enjoyed a Victrola concert, and what with pipes ablaze and anecdotes of the "days of old", we might almost believe that we were listening to the electric piano back in the old classroom at Maryknoll. But the records, borrowed by the retainers from a neighboring "Notable," and played by us for their delectation, were all in Cantonese, so that we could not altogether transplant our corporate selves to the Hudson's hills.

In years to come, with Shuitung a convenient gathering place, we ought to be able to have some sort of re-union on Foundation Day. It is a quiet part of the year, and Shuitung can be reached in three days from both Tungchan and Yeungkong, and from intervening points in even less time. How about inserting a request for an "entertainment fund" while we're on the subject?

It will require some sort of an occasion, like Foundation Day, to get the missionaries together.

Then the Glorious Fourth came along, and Fr. Walsh left for Shuitung and Canton, en route to Loting. To make this trip of about a hundred miles "as the crow flies", he must travel four hundred and spend a week or two in doing it. It isn't the swiftly clattering "*Lizzie*" or "*Buick*" that we're longing for over here,—it is the roads. *Even* an ox-cart can do thirty miles in a day,—but *even* the ox-cart must have

If you have any spare books on missions, let us send them to our Maryknollers in China, who are anxious to secure a working library on mission topics. They will need up-to-date publications, also, and would welcome a gift for this purpose. Such gifts will be formed into a fund, known as the

*Maryknoll Missioners'
Book Fund.*

(See page 261.)

a road,—and here there is "none such." Outside of Canton City, and another town the name of which I cannot remember but which I saw advertised in *Millard's* the other day, there is not a decent road in all of Kwang-tung Province,—and the same is true, probably, of the rest of South China. It isn't concrete, or even macadam roads we're seeking; any old kind will do us,—even one that could hold a "bike" would cut distances from days to hours. "Not yet, but soon!" Good roads would "multiply" a priest amazingly, and the day is not far distant when they'll be an assured fact. It is a matter of not only distances but costs. The "coolie" with his thirty-mile day trip carrying 130 lbs. of freight may live on little, but you have to figure on his pay, and that of his "tau" or padrone, together with the many "likins" at stations on the way.

Our red-whiskered friend* has now put in seven months' solid study, averaging seven hours a day for six days a week, without a week's interruption in that period. At the present time, he has completed *Lesson XXX, Advanced*, of the Rev. Cowles' Inductive Course, and is able to read a Chapter of St. Mark's Gospel by looking up about twenty to thirty new words. Roughly, he has a vocabulary of 1200 words, including a smiling acquaintance with their written characters when they come in a familiar context. He has consistently followed Mr. Cowles' prescribed course, studying always from the characters, using the Romanization only at the very rare periods that his teacher was absent.

Can a small parish take upon itself the support of a Maryknoll mission catechist? This kind of cooperation is worth more to the cause than if the support came from a man of wealth. Keep the Catechist Funds moving!

* Fr. O'Shea

who had invited for the occasion dignitaries of the Church and representatives of the Chinese Government.

After his return from Montreal, Bishop de Guébriant had a few more hours at Maryknoll and then took the beautiful drive to New York (through the courtesy of Sing Sing's chaplain), dined with Monsignors Freri and Dunn of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, and, with the Maryknoll Superior, boarded the night train for Scranton and Clark's Summit, where four-score Vénard huskies, including a couple of ex-army officers now mission-aspirants, gave vent to their feelings, conscious that they were recording the visit of one whose name will be forever identified with the pioneers of Maryknoll-in-China.

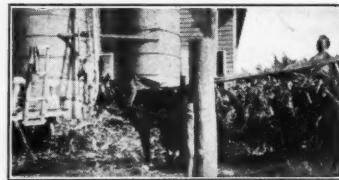
An hour in Buffalo, several more at Chicago, where Archbishop Mundelein and the Cathedral priests showed kindly interest—and, three days later, with a record of about twelve consecutive nights on sleepers, Bishop de Guébriant found his Maryknollers waiting for him at the Golden Gate. There were others, too, who gave him welcome, and of these we shall write later.

He was a young Spaniard, a gentleman to his finger tips and a Catholic to the core. He belonged to a well-known family and had been educated to take up a profession, but he decided to leave the chances of worldly success to others and take up some work for God.

We write of a young layman

Membership in the Catholic Foreign Mission Society may be secured for one year by the payment of fifty cents.

Associate members, living or dead, share in over one thousand Masses yearly, thousands of Communions and the prayers, sacrifices, and labors of all engaged in this work.



IN HARVEST TIME.

THE Paris Foreign Mission Society, with its long record of accomplishment, its hundred martyrs, its breadth of vision, and the quiet unassuming character of its members, has long been to Maryknoll an inspiration and an ideal.

Comparatively few members of this Society have ever visited America. We recall, in the past fifteen years the passage of the late Bishop Chatron of Osaka, Japan, the brief visits of Bishop Berlitz, Fr. Steichen, and Bishop Castanier, all of Japan, and that of Bishop Merel, former Vicar-Apostolic of Canton. Last winter, on his way to Rome, Archbishop Rey of Tokyo came through the United States; and later Bishop Demange of Taikou, Korea, called on his way back from Rome.

All were very welcome—but none—shall we say it?—quite so welcome as Bishop de Guébriant, the present Vicar-Apostolic of Canton, China, to whom our Maryknollers across the Pacific owe spiritual allegiance and to whose generous and fatherly solicitude all Maryknollers owe a debt of gratitude that it will be hard to repay.

Our distinguished visitor had only about ten days in which to make several visits and get across the country in time to catch his steamer which sailed on October 14 for the Far East. But he managed to visit Boston, as announced in the last issue, and from there went to Montreal, where a reception had been organized by the Chinese Catholics,

who recently visited this country and stopped at Maryknoll in passing. "To make my fellow-countrymen better in every way," sums up his life's ambition, and to this end he has associated himself with some six hundred other young men of Spain.

It is the same ideal as that of the missioner, except that the latter is supposed to have a much cruder material to work upon—but sometimes we wonder if this is entirely true.

Maryknoll was topsy-turvy this fall. Contractors did it. They ruined the ball-field and Rosary walks, brought loads of dust into the house, and, with their steam shovels, disturbed the peace of the once-quiet Knoll.

Yet all this could have been borne if the pumps had not gone Bolshevik under the long heavy strain.

We never miss the water till the machine breaks down, and there is more danger of this than of the well running dry—but, after all, we know missioners who must travel half a mile to draw a cup of water from a cistern, and it is quite in line with the training of a missioner that he should go to sleep thirsty once or twice in a while.

We may not look on the water-supply as city folks do—regarding it as limitless as the air we breathe—but there were other compensations this past fall, especially in the apple orchards and the vineyard.

What? Have you a vineyard? Yes, and we hope to supply our own wine for the Sacrifice.

One wonders sometimes how it is possible to encourage, under present conditions, even one more applicant in any section of the Maryknoll personnel—but we believe that if tomorrow fifty presented themselves, a nest and crumbs would be found for each and all without reverting to the cowbarn.

Our total means an increase of almost fifty per cent over the student list of last year, certain evidence that this work has come not a moment too soon and that God is blessing it.

Imagine a man from Idaho worrying about our need of a "station flivver", as one of our scribes described a Ford depot-wagon some time ago! Our Idaho friend asked the question, "Did you get that flivver you asked for?" And he adds, "If you don't pull it off, let me know, and I'll beg, borrow, or steal one for you. I can't give you one, because I am low on iron men."

And in the meantime we have the tractor which a Connecticut friend offered us in place of what we requested. The tractor has also proved itself a find. It finds wood to cut, rocks to haul, earth to plow, corn to blow into the silo. It finds time as well as cash to save, and, as our European friends say, "Tim ees money."

We make it a rule not to ask for anything more than three times, but we will list as a special friend anybody who wishes to stand sponsor to the *Fliv*.

"And what do you do with the new bus?" asked a young Buddy who saw it recently. Here is its daily task just now:



ONE OF OUR PARIS FOREIGN MISSION VISITORS.

Fr. Deswazieres (at right) is at present in the United States in the interests of his 1400 lepers at Sheklung, China. The photograph shows him at the leper asylum with his Chinese assistant, Fr. Chao.

Well, again we must admit that no one has given us a flivver, but when we read about the Ford price-tumbling act we put in an order with a local agent, and now we find ourselves saving so much money every month that soon we shall have the price of the bus.

At 7.15 it takes a group of Maryknoll Sisters to the Ossining Hospital. These are not invalids; they are following a course of instruction in the institution just named, and getting some practical experience in nursing, because within another year some of the Maryknoll Sisters will be leaving

for China—and they will be followed by what we hope will be an ever-increasing number. To all of these without exception a knowledge of nursing, and to some a more complete knowledge of medicine, will be necessary.

But the bus has gone off the track.

Well, after depositing his precious burden on the hospital steps, our chauffeur—who has other titles according to his occupation—makes for the post-office, where he drops the outgoing and picks up the incoming mail, which, with parcel post packages, is ordinarily no mean load.

week. Dr. Phelan comes from thirty miles north of us and the *Fliv* meets him at a place called Millwood.

In the past seven or eight years our history professor has had at least ten varieties of conveyances, from a broken-down depot cart to a hayrick, from a 1914 Tin Lizzie to this 1920 Station *Fliv*, but the last is the best. If it breaks down the Doctor can pace its length or take a nap on one of its inviting benches, and we can send the tractor to pull the car (!) out of any kind of hole.

We have not mentioned odds and ends of jumps required of the



THROUGH THE GROVE TO THE NEW ST. PAUL'S

He then returns on high speed after he has passed the traffic police—yes, we have such in Ossining and they are never asleep at the crossing—but the point is that unless we get that mail opened and distributed the good sisters will get behind in a work which is always trying to get ahead of them.

Then in the course of the day one other trip will usually be needed to gather from freight and express offices everything marked *Maryknoll*; and towards supper-time the evening mail goes down the hill and the weary *Maryknoll* Sisters come up.

Our professor in history, too, calls for two *Fliv* excursions a

Fliv, and it may interest our friends to know that if it were a question of bringing *Maryknollers* and their guests from the station we would need a second *Fliv*, also Chauffeur No. 2.

So much for the *Fliv*, which we shall now drop because we have something more to say about the *Maryknoll* Sisters. When Bishop de Guébriant, our *Maryknoll*-in-China shepherd, passed through America a few weeks ago he brought messages straight from Rome encouraging our sisters to prepare at once for the missions, and authorizing them to send even this year a first group.

This message was received joyously, and when volunteers were

A Liberty Bond or a War Savings Stamp is always as acceptable at *Maryknoll* as any form of money.

called for every hand went up and every eye brightened, not to mention the suppressed excitement when the recent Apostolic Visitor offered to conduct the group in person and without delay to their future field.

However, when it was realized that all of the *Maryknoll* Sisters are still in their novitiate and that this novitiate will not close until February, the departure ceremony was deferred. But the occasion is not so far away. Less than a year will chronicle the event, to which some fine women have been looking forward for several years.

We are better pleased because of the delay. Our sisters are not yet prepared to render their most efficient service on the other side, nor are our missions in condition to receive them. A germ-laden, ill-ventilated Chinese house in *Yeungkong*, *Kochow*, or *Loting* would tempt Providence, when, with a little money, more healthful quarters can be secured.

Besides, we have yet to provide a few orphanages, dispensaries, and small hospitals, which it will be the privileged duty of the *Maryknoll* Sisters to direct.

Keep your eye on the *Maryknoll* Sisters. They now number fifty-eight; and if ever they can get a place of their own they will, before many years, multiply that number by ten.

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Here and There in the Missions.

A NEW vicariate has been formed in China, not far from the Maryknoll Mission, and will be known as the Vicariate of Shiu-chow. It is under the Salesian Fathers and Monsignor Versiglia has been named its first Vicar-Apostolic.

A request comes from the Bishop of Hongkong, asking the prayers of FIELD AFAR readers for the soul of a venerable Chinese priest, Fr. Andrew Leung, whose photograph appeared in a recent issue. Fr. Leung, we learn, is buried near our beloved Fr. Price in Happy Valley Cemetery, Hongkong.

The Procurator of the Belgian Missions in China has sent us a brochure on Fundamental Religion, which has been prepared by a zealous native priest for distribution among educated pagans. It suggests an immediate contribution to encourage this particular effort, and it also suggests the desirability of a *Chinese Literature Foundation*, the interest of which could be devoted to this very important method of propaganda.

At Ningpo (in China) an anti-Japanese boycott threatened to become an insurrection against the presiding mandarin. Everybody took part in it—and afterwards everybody made apologies. Everybody, that is, except the Catholics. These Chinese, warned by their priests to withdraw from the movement, were subjected at the time to the reproach of having no sympathy with "the cause of the people". But when the ill-judged fury of the people found that it had been deceived the disturbance ceased, and those who had cried "Shame!" to the Catholics now cried praise of their foresight and restraint. Even the nobles proclaimed the priests as true ministers of the Word, who would

not participate in unworthy political ambitions, even to further their own cause.

A French priest in China, commenting on the conversion of a High Church minister (American) in that country, writes thus of his own impressions on a recent occasion when he was invited to lecture on the Catholic religion in China:

In speaking to this audience, made up exclusively of Protestant missionaries, men and women—such a new experience for me!—it seemed as if I saw faces among the women and young girls that would not look out of place under the cornette of the Sisters of Charity. Oh, that we were all one, as Christ would have us!

Word has recently come to us from a young Chinese friend in this country that Our Holy Father has raised Mr. Lo of Shanghai to the order of St. Sylvester. Many of our readers will remember an article in THE FIELD AFAR recently telling about Mr. Lo and his great zeal for the spread of the Faith in his country, and this as accomplished amidst the numerous distractions and demands of extensive business activities. We are glad to see this honor conferred on Mr. Lo, and we congratulate him and his countrymen for the distinction.

The latest report on Catholics in China gives nearly two million,—a gain of about forty thousand last year. This gain was only about one-third of the usual increase, but there are reasons. The battlefields have not sent back all the French missionaries called to the colors, and many German missionaries have been expelled, so that the total personnel is smaller than before. Again, it takes money to make the mule run, and with European sources of supply considerably drained, and exchange "the worst ever," Catholic propaganda has gone slowly.

We may add that had it not been for American gifts and Mass intentions, hardly any progress could have been chronicled. But there is always some inlet through which God's gifts trickle.

Fr. Bonaventure Peloquin, whose picture appears on this page, is a French-Canadian Franciscan laboring in the Changlo district (Shantung Province), China. On his arrival there, three years ago, he found 290 baptized Christians and 800 catechumens scattered in 63 villages. He got busy, picked out the brightest and more pious among his Christian young men, trained



FR. BONAVENTURE PELOQUIN, A CANADIAN MISSIONER IN CHINA, STARTING OUT TO VISIT HIS FLOCK.

them a few months each year, and sent them to preach and open schools as catechists. He can now boast of 80 schools and 8000 catechumens, while the Faith is known today in 240 villages of the same district. He can extend his work with more catechists.

Fr. Peloquin's experience is also that of our own priests in China. Their letters like his, are always full of praise for the work of the native catechists.

Before joining the Franciscans, Fr. Bonaventure taught for a short time in a college in the Province of Quebec, Canada. He will no doubt be agreeably surprised when he learns that one of his former pupils has recently become a Maryknoller.

There is a Lazarist mission in the province of Southwest Chili, China, about which the Maryknoll Superior, while in that country, heard many favorable comments, all of which he later found amply justified. The mission is that of Chengtingfu and is in charge of Bishop de Vienne, who has lately written to Maryknoll an interesting and instructive letter from which we quote:

I see the Chinese so ready for conversion that I ardently long for an increase of missioners. The Chinese are coming to have a strong regard for the Catholic Church. You will remember when I met you in Tientsin I had gone there to ask help for the poor victims of the great flood. While there I received from two pagan societies the generous sum of \$6,500 (Mexican) to aid the sufferers, Christian as well as pagan. The same societies gave to another vicar-apostolic also, showing thereby what confidence they place in the authorities of the Catholic Church.

The ball of Earth certainly grows small for some people.

Here is a letter from Mother Marie de la Visitation, whom you hardly know, dear reader, but this is to your disadvantage. The sister in question is a Franciscan Missionary of Mary, who held a responsible position while she was in the United States. Since then she has served her society in the Far East and has

been recently made Vice-Provincial of the Franciscan Missionary houses in the Philippines, Shanghai, and Shiuwing. She writes from the last-named place, which borders the Maryknoll Mission:

Disposition of Providence, is it not? Here I am in a little corner next to your missionary vineyard. THE FIELD AFAR comes regularly and is more and more interesting. Would you believe it is thanks to your travelogue that I found my way to Shiuwing, which you visited?

St. Patrick's College, Peking, sounds fine. We like it because we like St. Patrick, although some of our best friends have failed as yet to put his burse "over the top".

The new college has been quietly begun by two Vincentian Fathers, who have been in charge of St. Joseph's Church since 1918.

Our readers may recall one, Rev. Patrick O'Gorman, C. M., who visited Maryknoll on his way out. Fr. O'Gorman is a former professor of the *Collège des Irlandais* in Paris and is a most accomplished linguist. His companion is Fr. James Mullins, C. M., and both have been joined lately by a third, Fr. Feeley, C. M. Two more were expected in September.

Fr. O'Gorman thus outlines the purpose of his new College:

It is no exaggeration to say that there



THE VINCENTIAN FATHERS AND THEIR BOYS AT THE NEW ST. PATRICK'S COLLEGE, PEKING.

And we like it because it sounds the welcome news that Peking has now at least the promise of an English-speaking college.

And if Peking has waited so long for such an institution the fault cannot be laid at the door of our gracious friend, Bishop Jarlin, who, to our knowledge, has made an earlier attempt to secure for his vicariate just such a college.

is today a veritable craze amongst young Chinese to get educated,—or, at any rate, to assimilate those factors of progress whereby they consider, rightly or wrongly, that the Western peoples have gone forward.

Not to speak of the thousands who, after preliminary studies in China, are at present frequenting the universities of Europe, and more especially of America, a vast number of Chinese boys, urged on by their parents, passionately desire to learn English and, through it, commercial and scientific subjects. In most cases, owing to the large amount of British and American capital

In China, a knowledge of English is the only door through which they can secure a place in banks and railways and commercial enterprises of all kinds, even in their own country. This is not a mere expression of opinion. It is a fact patent to all who know the East and especially to those who, like ourselves, have lived even one year in the capital of China.

British, and especially American, Protestant missionaries are laboring feverishly to supply this demand for schools where young Chinese can learn English and, through it, commercial and scientific subjects. And what of the Catholic missionaries? Owing to the fact that hitherto almost the entire body of Catholic missionaries have been French, German, Italian, Dutch, Belgian, Spanish, or Portuguese, it is natural and regrettable that in the work of providing a certain type of education in eager demand in China the prestige of running such schools is largely a monopoly of British and American Protestant missionaries, clerical and lay.

It is to remedy this state of things in a small way, as far as Peking is concerned, that we have opened a Catholic school where English and French and commercial and scientific subjects are taught to Chinese boys and young men, through the medium of their own language. This has been done at the urgent request of Mgr. Jarlin.

Though opened only last summer, our school is already too small for the numbers who desire to frequent it. We might easily have a hundred pupils, and possibly many more, if only we had accommodations for them and a larger staff to teach them.

We hear much of the despised Chinese coolie, but of this individual a well-known writer remarks: "He may not be able to read or write, but he is familiar with the Confucian classics and is well versed in the laws of etiquette and courtesy."

This writer says that the Chinese coolie thinks our manners "villianous."

A New York construction engineer recently returned from China with photographs of a unique apartment house which is more than four hundred years old and contains four hundred families. This house, built in a perfect circle, and five stories high, is located in the southern part of the Fokien province, about three hundred miles from Hongkong.

He writes from the far West of China.

He reads THE FIELD AFAR every month, and not as a penance; he regrets that Americans did not get over to China sooner; he hopes to see them in several parts of the country.

Of his own province, Kweichow, he says that—

- (a) the needs are greater than ever, because of Protestant effort;
- (b) means of support are visibly lessening;
- (c) children are being educated in filthy schools, too few at that;
- (d) there are no catechists worthy to be called such;
- (e) missionaries, being too few for the Christians, cannot turn to the pagans.

He concludes:

Cursed Gold! No one of us would ask it for himself, yet the vile metal continues to be the sinews of all wars.

We feel badly for you, Father, and we wish that we could inflict some of the cursed stuff upon you.

By the way, is it *cursed*? Gold is beautiful, symbolic of that which is tried in the fire. We honestly like to look at it, although we do not care to keep it. For us, it is a proper means to a good end. And if "money is the root of all evil", why don't our Prohibitionists stop its production?

While we make these reflections, however, we wish that we could send a few nuggets to Kweichow.

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*Annuity, \$2500.

†Annuities, \$1110.

Though not yet available because it is an annuity, the *Fr. Price Memorial Burse* is now completed. *Deo Gratias!*

And now is it too much to suggest that some other admirer of our saintly confrère start a Vénard College burse in his memory?

The *Stringless Gift* vibrated cords in some of our friends' hearts, and the Maryknoll Treasurer thanked the FIELD AFAR Editor for his effort to reduce the Treasurer's willies and worries.

(By a Reader.)

There are gifts for bricks and mortar, There are gifts for light and coal, There are gifts to pay for gasolene,— All with gladness fill our soul;

There are gifts from East, West, North, and South, And they come from zeal unmatched; But the gift that makes our Treasurer smile

Is the *Gift with No String Attached!*

One reason why that much-loved young Carmelite, *The Little Flower*, should be, as she doubtless is, interested in Maryknoll is because of Maryknoll's interest in one of the patron saints of *Sœur Thérèse*. We refer to Blessed Théophane Vénard, to whom in her diary *The Little Flower* affectionately alludes towards the end of her young life.

The Little Flower Burse is well over three-fifths of its formation. Watch it in the *Vénard Incomplete List.* (p. 261.)

Have you noticed, on page 261, under the heading *Special Funds*, one that is called *Our Daily Bread Fund*? At present it is about \$1100, which is not so bad, but this amounts to less than sixteen cents a day. We live not many miles away from a celebrated yeast-cake factory and a heartless friend suggests the old joke that perhaps we can there secure the where-with to raise our bread. Well, we cannot do so, however much the dough may be kneaded. What we require is some large addition to our *Daily Bread Fund*. And this is no joke.

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<i>St. Teresa Burse</i>	5,137.27
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Academia Native-Priest Burse.....	255.60

Any burse or share in a burse may be donated in memory of the deceased.

A new burse may be entered on the list when it has reached \$100.

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MARYKNOLL STUDENT AID

Fall River Diocese Fund.....	\$ 796.14
Our Lady of Perpetual Help Fund (Incomplete).....	150.98

VÉNARD STUDENT AID

Vénard Circles Fund, No. 1 (Complete).....	\$ 1,000.00
Vénard Circles Fund, No. 2 (Complete).....	1,000.00
Vénard Circles Fund, No. 3 (Incomplete).....	198.35

SPECIAL FUNDS

The funds recorded below have been carefully invested so that the interest shall be applied regularly to the needs as designated.

(Complete)

Abp. Williams Catechist Fund, No. 1.....	\$ 4,000.00
Abp. Williams Catechist Fund, No. 2.....	4,000.00
Abp. Williams Catechist Fund, No. 3.....	14,000.00
Abp. Williams Catechist Fund, No. 4.....	4,000.00
Abp. Williams Catechist Fund, No. 5.....	4,000.00
Abp. Williams Catechist Fund, No. 1.....	4,000.00

(Incomplete)

Our Daily Bread Fund.....	\$ 1,124.27
Maryknoll Propaganda Fund.....	5,000.00
Altar Wine Fund.....	200.00
Sanctuary Candle Fund.....	260.00
Sanctuary Oil Fund.....	232.55
Sacred Vessels Fund.....	77.00
Abp. Williams Catechist Fund, No. 6.....	1,000.00
Yeungkong Catechist Fund, No. 2.....	1,042.85
Fr. Price Memorial Catechist Fund.....	532.60
Missioners' Book Fund.....	442.00
Circles' Missioner-Support Fund.....	220.00

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Total area.....	4,450,000 ft.
Sold up to Oct. 10, 1920.....	3,052,871 ft.
For sale at 1 cent a foot.....	1,397,129 ft.

VÉNARD LAND SALES

Total area at The Vénard.....	6,000,000 ft.
Sold up to Oct. 10, 1920.....	4,147,958 ft.
For sale at 1/4 cent a foot.....	4,582,042 ft.

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Deceased—Rev. John H. Schievers; Holy Souls; Mrs. Mary M. Bale; Mrs. Ellen Gilroy Conlon; George I. Landon; James Lawlor; Francis W. Sheehan; John and Rosina Saul; Esther Keating; Baragray and McCarthy families.

We wish to acknowledge to many friends, especially priests, offerings of Masses, which have been welcomed by our missionaries and by our home priests. Maryknoll priests now number twenty-six, and, altogether, offer nearly ten thousand Masses a year.

Occasionally our missionaries receive Mass stipends from their parishioners. Fr. Ford wrote, some time ago, that a young girl had offered him her two weeks' wages (three dollars), so that she might have three Masses said, and that an old man, very poor, had offered to him a two-dollar stipend. Both were disturbed and disappointed when the young missionary tried to refuse their offerings.

Occasionally we receive here at Maryknoll, from some friend of the work, an offering with the thoughtful remark—"For your personal needs". These personal needs are not many and we have not encouraged this kind of gift for Maryknollers in this country; but we know that the idea appeals to some hearts—and in this event we suggest a personal gift for some Maryknoller out on the mission. Each of our missionaries started an account here before leaving, and each has drawn on it, and we note that there have been few, if any, additions—probably because we have not called attention to this need.

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WE know a man
Who has ideas,
Or thinks he has,
Which is worse
If he hasn't any.
This man—our friend—
says
That The Field Afar is all
right, but
It needs to be pushed,
And the man, our friend,
Who has a strong arm,
Never thinks to push
The Field Afar.

(Tear off below this line.)

The Field Afar, Ossining P.O., N.Y.
Send a sample copy to my friend

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**THE MARYKNOLL
MISSION CIRCLES**

SODALITY UNIONS begin to give great promise of Circle cooperation. They have the advantage of wise counsel and encouragement from spiritual directors with truly apostolic hearts.

St. Francis Xavier Circle No. 2 of Rochester, N. Y., is now in direct touch with our Mission in China. The Secretary sends the following:

In a recent letter Fr. Ford thanked our school children for their gift of \$180 dollars for the support of a catechist for one year, in memory of good Fr. Price, who was the first American missioner to lay down his life in far-off China. Fr. Ford said that last year he employed ten men catechists, who are preparing two thousand adults for Baptism. In a district little larger than the diocese of Rochester, he has twenty-six stations, which he must visit from time to time. He has two hundred thirty-three boys in his schools and they are full of life. Sometimes he forgets that they are not made in America. He thinks our boys and girls in Rochester are a real live bunch and he expects to shake hands with some of them over there some day.

A Soul Saver. Did it ever occur to you that you can actually bring souls to Christ, no matter how you are circumstanced? Maryknoll is sending out every year young priests to preach the Gospel of salvation. The greater part of their work is among the most destitute and for the present they cannot look to their flocks for support.

The Maryknoll Mission Circles are awake to these conditions and have established a *Missioner-Support Fund*, the interest on which will provide continuously for a Maryknoll priest in China. This Fund gives opportunity to everyone to have a share in the Divine work of Redemption. One does not need to join a Circle. Contributions, however small, will be welcome. Forward your offering to the Circle Director here, and specify *Missioner-Support Fund*.

You remember your dead? Bring light and peace also to the darkened souls of the heathen who have been, so far, denied the hope of eternal happiness. Here is an idea:

I am sending a Mass-kit with the hope that it will reach Maryknoll before the departure of your six missioners. May God bless their work. I am doing this in memory of my deceased parents. Noting Fr. Meyer's request for medals I am sending a package, also. Please forward them to me.

Clubs and Circles may have The Field Afar, if all copies are sent to one address, for eighty cents a year.

HOW ONE CIRCLE WORKS.

In addition to our prayers, and contributions to the Mite-Boxes, we have these other means for assisting the missions:

Tinfoil: Save all tinfoil from tea packages, typewriter ribbons, candy, etc., leave it in the rear of the basement of St. 's School, or bring to the meeting.

Magazines: Save all old magazines, both Catholic and secular, and induce friends to save them. Bring to the basement of the School. Magazine paper brings quite a high price and we ought to obtain considerable revenue from this source. It would be well for two or three living in a neighborhood to pool their supply, and when a quantity is ready get a good friend with a machine to call for it. We sell to a wholesaler and secure a higher price than you can get from the regular junk man. Catholic magazines, if not too old, are sent to the foreign missions.

Stamps: Save cancelled stamps from letters, cutting off the paper and stamp together with a good margin. (Keep foreign stamps separate.)

Holy Cards, Prayer Books, Rosaries, Medals, etc., are saved for the missioners, who welcome them.

Sewing for the Altar: Now and then we get contributions of linen, which the members make up for the priests' equipment. We keep a small amount of linen on hand for the members who care to sew at meetings.

Household linens: When purchasing for ourselves, add a few yards extra, and make it up for the missions.

Rubbers: Rubbers bring a good price. We invite any who are discarding them to bring them to us and we will dispose of them for the missions.

If the members will keep this list in mind, they can be very helpful, at the expenditure of but little thought and effort.

—Rochester, N. Y.

RUMMAGE SALES.

This idea, adopted by a Philadelphia Circle, realized two hundred and fifty dollars. Articles were solicited from friends and from shop-keepers.

Many storekeepers have out-of-date and shop-worn goods occupying valuable space. Your friends have discarded clothing and house furnishings, and they will be glad to know that these can be of use. Everything in the bric-a-brac line, vases, lamps, pictures, but, above all, clothing,—men, women and children's, even the baby's,—piece goods, etc., etc., sell readily.

A store was hired for six dollars, in the poorer section of Philadelphia, for one day and two evenings. A policeman kept order, because it was a "bargain sale." A crowd awaited the opening the first evening. Circle members were "sale girls" and they did a thriving business. The sale continued all the next day and evening, Saturday. Shoes sold for from ten cents to two dollars a pair; a velvet dress brought six dollars. The demand for fancy waists exceeded the supply, though none were in the latest mode and all were more or less soiled. Children's clothes, particularly for the baby, were snapped up, and men's outer and underwear, even when well-worn, was bought by working men.

We are informed that, in another instance, a big sale of this kind in which the Catholic men and women of the city united for the benefit of a local charity netted two thousand dollars.

SOME SUGGESTIONS.

Tabernacle Societies resumed their meetings in October. Mindful of past favors, we present the following Maryknoll wants to their kind consideration:

NEEDED FOR MARYKNOLL CHAPELS.

Copes: red—black—green.

Dalmatics: red—green—violet—black.

Chasubles: Shortened—three purple.

Stoles: Deacons, twelve for daily use.

Stoles: A broad black one for Good

Friday.

Veils: Humeral—green—red—violet.

Veils: Tabernacle, all colors.

With a long roster of students here and at The Vénard, we suggest that some Circles make surplices (lawn or nainsook) for them. This need, presented a year ago, met with a generous response. For the Maryknoll priests, plain linen albs without trimming will be appreciated. Write to the Circle Director for pattern and measurements.



Will there be any turkey left?
(Drawn by Fr. Mourlanne, Burma)

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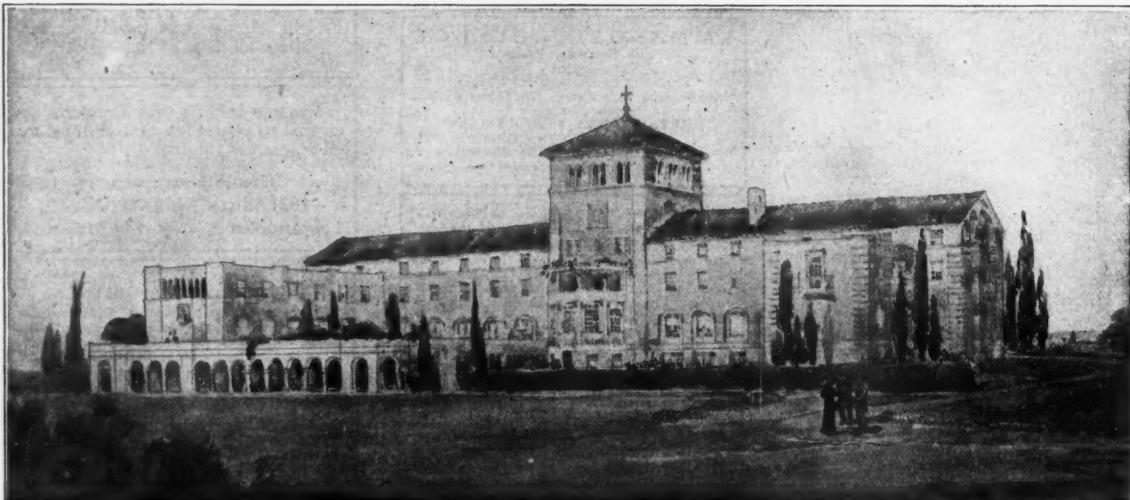
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Dear Friend and Patron:

Cover with your hand the section of the above picture from the left corner of the tower to the left end of the building, and you will get an idea of the first Maryknoll Preparatory College as it stands today, solid and serene, looking down on a smiling valley and through a great notch towards Scranton.

Within the walls of this building are housed seventy-five youths, each fully determined to consecrate his life, by an apostolic career, to the service of Jesus Christ. Does this interest you?

The fact itself edifies many and stirs the sluggish spirit of us stay-at-homes to a zeal that will be a positive influence in strengthening the Church in the United States.

This building is far from being paid for, but the day will come, and soon, when God's Providence will set it free. Will you be one of His instruments?

Send us your stamp of approval for the erection of this armory of God. Send what you will—a bond, a bill, a check, a small postal order, any kind of stamp that may be serviceable. We shall not question the measure of your gift, and we leave to God the reward, but we can assure you that YOU will not be the loser.

Faithfully yours in Christ,

The Priests of Maryknoll.

Remittances may be sent to either V. Rev. Jas. A. Walsh, Maryknoll, Ossining, N. Y., or to Rev. Patrick J. Byrne, Maryknoll Preparatory College, Clark's Summit, Pa.

N. B.—A RED Hand here is a warning.

A BLACK Hand means RENEW TODAY.

